BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

VOL. XXVII. BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1888. NO. 1,347.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

ALEX. C. FOLGER. ROBT. M. FOLGER.

R. M. & A. C. FOLGER.

TERMS:

For one year (in advance)	$5 00
For six months	3 00
For three months	1 75

OFFICE

Corner of Bryant and School Streets. (Court House Block).

MINING NOTICES.

Notice to Co-Owners

TO E. A. KLUEGEL, WALTER CARUTHERS and MRS. DAVID McVEY:

You are hereby notified that I, the undersigned, have expended One Hundred ($100) Dollars in labor and improvements upon the

HOMESTAKE

mining claim, situated in Patterson Mining District, Mono county, State of California, in order to hold said mining claim, under the provisions of Section 2324 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, the said sum being the amount required for holding said claim for the year ending December 31st, 1887.

And if at the expiration of ninety (90) days after the publication of this notice, viz: at the expiration of one hundred and eighty days from Saturday, January 21st, 1888, the date of the first publication of this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your several proportions of said expenditures as co-owners of said mining claim, viz: you, the said E. A. Kluegel, $13 33, lawful money of the United States, the sum owing from you for your proportion of 200 feet of said claim; and you, the said Walter Caruthers, the sum of $20, the same being your proportion now due and owing from you for your proportion of 150 feet of said claim; and you, the said Mrs. David McVey, the sum of $13 33, the same being your proportion now due and owing from you for your proportion of 200 feet of said claim, together with your several proportions of the cost of this advertisement, then each of your several interests in said mining claim will become the property of the subscriber, under said Section 2324.

Dated at Bridgeport, Mono county, State of California, Jan. 20th, 1888.

A. P SAYRE.

First publication January 21st, 1888. ja21-90d.

Notice to Co-Owners.

TO JOHN H. BOLLES:

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED THAT I, the undersigned, have expended One Hundred Dollars in labor and improvements upon the

STAR

mining claim, said mining claim being situated and lying in Patterson Mining District, Mono county, State of California, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Section 2324 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required for holding the same for the calendar year ending December 31st, 1887, and if at the expiration of ninety days after this notice by publication, viz, at the expiration of 180 days from January 28, 1888, the date of the first publication hereof, you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of such expenditure as co-owner, to wit: $12 66⅔, for your interest of 100 feet, undivided, in said mining claim with cost of this advertisement, then your aforesaid interest in said mining claim will become the property of the subscriber, under and by virtue of said Section of the Mining Law hereinbefore mentioned.

Dated San Francisco, Cal., January 17th, 1888.

MARTIN JONES.

First publication, January 28, 1888. ja28-90d

DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Independence, Cal., March 14, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT DANIEL CLARK SIMPSON of Wellington, Lyon county, Nevada, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No. 134 for the

N E ¼ of N E ¼ of Sec. 11; S E ¼ of S E ¼ Sec. 11; E ½ of S W ¼, S ½ of N E ¼, and W ½ of S E ¼ of Sec. 12, T 9 S., R 25 E., M D M.,

before Superior Judge of Mono Co., at Bridgeport, on

MONDAY, the 30th day of APRIL, 1888.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:

Elisha Gurney and James Simmons of Bridgeport, Mono county; Leonard Hamilton and Frank Stickney, of Wellington, Lyon county, Nev.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD, Register.

mh14-5w

SEWING MACHINES.



ARTHUR H. HILL,

No. 725 Market Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT C. C. Turner of the Bridgeport Livery Stable, is my authorized agent at Bridgeport. All orders left at the stable will be promptly attended to.

GEORGE MOYLE.

Bridgeport, February 10th, 1888.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Who Knows

WHEN

Steamboats will sink or burn?
Railroad trains will be wrecked?
Boilers or lamps will explode?
Horses will take fright and run?
Bricks or timbers will fall?
Fire burn or lightning strike?
Machinery will crush or mangle?
Tools or glass will cut?
Splinters or nails will wound?
Slips and falls will happen?
Hammers and weights will bruise?
Ladder or staging will give way?
Animals will kick or bite?
Limbs will be sprained or broken?
Fatal or disabling injury by accident may be caused in any one of a thousand ways

As no one knows, the only safe and sure way is to

INSURE

IN THE

TRAVELERS,

ACCIDENT INSURANCE

COMPANY,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ALEX. C. FOLGER, AGENT

BRIDGEPORT, CAL.

LITTLE'S CHEMICAL FLUID

NON-POISONOUS SHEEP DIP.

Sold in Iron Drums, containing 5 Imperial Gallons each.

One gallon, mixed with 60 gallons of cold water, will dip thoroughly 180 sheep, at a cost of 1 cent each. Easily applied; a nourisher of wool; a certain cure for SCAB. Also,

LITTLE'S PATENT POWDER DIP

(Poisonous).

Mixes instantly with water. Prevents the fly from striking. In a 2-pound package there is sufficient to dip twenty sheep, and in a 7-pound package there is sufficient to dip 100 sheep.

PRICE, 17 CENTS PER POUND.

CATTON, BELL & CO.,

Successors to FALKNER, BELL & CO.,

No. 406 California Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

f25-3m

BEST

JOB PRINTING

AT

THIS OFFICE.

Tools, Machinery & Hardware.

THE DEPOT OF

Every New Invention, New Tool,

Practical Improvement & Useful Novelty.

OSBORN & ALEXANDER

628 Market St. and 13½ Post St.,

SAN FRANCISCO.



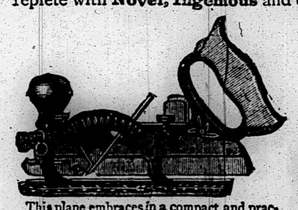
A New, Powerful and Quick Acting Wrench. All sizes, 75 cts. to $2.50

Barnes' Pat. Foot Power Mortisers $25.

The best and most efficient wood and metal working Lathes. All styles and sizes.

Agency of Leading Bicycles and Tricycles.

The **American Champion, Challenge** and **Ideal** and the **Columbia Expert** and **Light Roadster.** Those Standard Wheels which have achieved such high distinction and so extensive a reputation as the **Leading and Paragon Bicycles of the World,** and those entirely **New, Elegant, Perfect** and **Practical Wheels,** the **Rambler** and **Columbia Veloce,** the latest production of Gormully & Jeffrey and the Pope Manufacturing Co. Both **Rear-Driving Safety Wheels** replete with **Novel, Ingenious** and **Useful Devices.**



This plane embraces in a compact and practical form Beading and Center Beading Plane; Rabbet and Fillester; Dado; Plow, Matching Plane and a superior Slitting Plane. All adjustable and equipped with all the various bits and cutters. Price, complete, $7.25



The Louderback Combination Tool. 10 useful tools for $1.50.

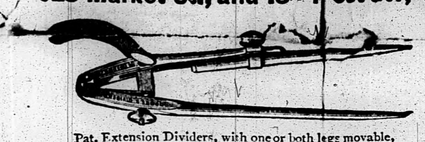
$2.00 per pair. $3.50 per pair. The Henley Monarch Rink and Club Skates.

Stock Large and Fresh, and in Quality Unsurpassed.

PRICES LOW.

OSBORN & ALEXANDER,

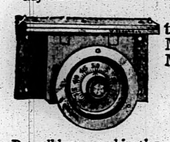
628 Market St., and 13½ Post St., San Francisco.



Pat. Extension Dividers, with one or both legs movable, adjustable and detachable. All sizes. $1.00 to $1.25.

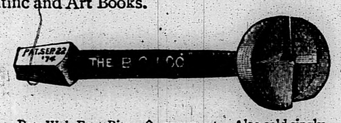


Barnes' pat. combined foot power Scroll and Circular Saw, $40.00 With boring attachment, $50.00



Pat. all brass combination Chest Lock, $3.00 Over 500 changes.

Books for Carpenters, Architects, Builders, Cabinet Makers, Machinists, Painters and for Mechanics of every trade. Scientific and Art Books.



Pat. Web Foot Bits. $4.00 per set. Also sold singly.

Our Country Trade is very Extensive. Letters of Inquiry solicited and promptly and FULLY ANSWERED. Orders earnestly requested, and executed with RAPIDITY and Care.

Send for free Circulars, Catalogues and Price Lists.

OSBORN & ALEXANDER,

Mechanics' Tools, Hardware and Machinery,

628 MARKET ST., AND 13½ POST ST.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

ODDS AND ENDS.

—In expression of gratitude for her efforts in behalf of Russian embroidery, the Slavonic society will present the Czarina with a sewing machine in silver, whose screws have each a jewelled head, and which is to be inclosed in a case representing the imperial crown.

—Apropos of the several large fires that occurred recently, the Toronto *Empire* remarks: It is now the opinion of experienced fire underwriters that too much reliance has been, and still is, placed on watchmen on the premises of mills, factories, and other specials. Numerous instances could be sighted to show that the watchman is not always on the watch, nor in a fit condition to watch. Quite recently, in a Western town, a fire was discovered in time to save the factory and the life of the watchman, who was asleep and—drunk!

—No crowd turns out to see him come, no bugles drown the echoing drum; no plaudits fall in vocal showers; no maidens strew his way with flowers; no police sergeant's phalanx stood to hold in check the multitude; no delegation came to meet. Alone he hoofed it down the street; alone before the clerk he stands and pens his name with trembling hands. Awestruck he hears that magnate say: "Front! Nine-ought-forty, right away!" Alone he climbs the distant stairs, and no one knows and no one cares to what lost room he had to climb—the base ball man in winter time.—*Burdette.*

—"I'm feelin' awful cross," said old Mrs. Burdock, as she appeared at her new neighbor's door: "an' so I come around without my bunnit—I'm just that down an' dismal and worrited. A critter gets dretful lonesome, livin' the way I do—you see, my sons is all growed up and gone West, my old man is dead, my eldest darter's paralyzed an' bed-rid, an' no more good to me you might say, 'n if she wan't there, an' my youngest darter's up to her gram'ther's, keeping house f' the old lady, an' I kinder get all riled up with lonesomeness, an' I come around jest to see if you wouldn't lend me one of your children to spank?"—*Puck.*

The Length of Human Life.

Reasoning from analogy, men ought to live a century, as it seems to be a general law in the animal creation that life should be five times the period required for growth. Many of the insect tribes mature and fructify in an hour and die before the close of the day. A dog grows for two years and lives for eight; an ox grows for four years and lives sixteen; a horse grows for five years and lives twenty five; a camel grows for eight years and lives forty; a man grows to twenty years and should live to one hundred.

It is a recognized fact in physiology that the longer a child is getting its full growth the longer it will live. "Early ripe early rot," is almost a proverb. Children who grow rapidly are always weakly.

In France the rich men average twelve years of life longer than the poor. Observation in all civilized countries shows that the well-to-do live eleven years longer than those who have to work for their daily bread.

Those who can afford to work leisurely and hours outlive those who have to work hard out of doors by ten or fifteen years; and if there was no Sabbath it is very clear that the poor would not live as long as they do now.

How They Remember Their Partners.

I have often wondered how gentlemen remembered ladies to whom they had just been introduced at balls when hunting them up to dance. I picked up a programme from the floor at the charity ball which gave some light. The gentleman had put beside the name of each stranger a word suggesting something distinguishing in her toilette. But better was the programme of a gentleman who is visiting St. Paul, which I saw. He sketches readily and had drawn the profile of one lady, a diamond star which blazed at the neck of another, eye glasses for a third and so on. A stroke or two as he moved away and the fair lady was stamped upon his memory—rather his programme.

TWO SURPRISES.

A workman plied his clumsy spade
As the sun was going down;
The German King, with a cavalcade,
On his way to Berlin Town,

Reined up his steed at the old man's side.
"My toiling friend," said he,
"Why not cease work at eventide
When the laborer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said;
"And I am always free;
Though I work from the time I leave my bed
Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the King, "is thy gain in a day?"
"Eight groschen," the man replied.
"And thou canst live on this meagre pay?"
"Like a king," he said with pride.

"Two groschen for me and my wife, good friend,
And two for a debt I owe;
Two groschen to lend, and two to spend,
[illegible] you know?

"The debt?" said the King; said the toiler,
"Yea,
To my mother with age oppressed,
Who cared for me, toiled for me many a day,
And now hath need of rest."

"To whom dost lend of thy daily store?"
"To my boys—for their schooling; you see,
When I am too feeble to toil any more,
They will care for their mother and me."

"And the last two groschen?" the monarch said.
"My sisters are old and lame;
I give them two groschen for raiment and bread
All in the Father's name."

Tears welled up to the good King's eyes,
"Thou knowest me not," said he;
"As thou hast given me one surprise,
Here is another for thee.

"I am thy King; give me thy hand,"—
And he heaped it high with gold—
"When more than needest, I command
That it at once be told.

"For I would bless with rich reward
The man who can proudly say
His eight souls doth he keep and guard
On eight poor groschen a day."

—*R. W. McAlpine, in St. Nicholas.*

LINES ON THE DETH OF A KOW.

BY LIGE SAWBUX.

The poor ole kow is ded,
Tha noket er in the hed.
A barl uv blud she bled,
Poor ole thing.

22 Kwarts ov milck she giv,
As trew as Eye dew liv,
But now er 12-Kwart bag
Ain't wuth a lalygag,
Poor ole thing.

She'l kick U in 2 fits
Ef yew dared to pincher tits,
And she'd hook U inter bits
'Bout as big as pepper grains.

But the poor ole kritter's gone!
Etarnitee has dawnd
Inter her hed.
She's gone to that bright land,
With the sperits of Kows she stands,
She's ded! she's ded!

Cheated; or, How He Lost Her.

"To-morrow!"

It was a little girl who spoke that word, a fair girl, the beautiful Ethelfriza Maginnis, of Whitehorseville, and the spokee was none other than the naughty and imperious John Smith, editor of the Whitehorseville *Hairtonic*, a weekly family journal.

"What is to-morrow?" he asked, in a cold, hard voice; a voice so hard you could not break it with a hammer.

"To-morrow," she replied, dreamfully, "to morrow lovers turn tender eyes to—"

"Death, he hoarsely whispered; "what are you giving us, me lady? To-morrow is Wednesday."

The lovely scion of the parent stock of Maginnis was silent.

This is unusual in women and forbodes disaster.

He waited for her to speak.

Such waits are never long.

"To-morrow I will tell you, Mr. Smith," she murmured, in tender, lubricated tones, "whether we two shall be wedded or not."

And the tiger claws could be seen through the cracks in that voice.

"'Tis well," he muttered, gloomily, as he buttoned his overcoat with a button-hook and strode away.

She had given him that button-hook for Christmas.

It had cost 98 cents.

A man is not always hooked so easily.

Without going into the usual parting particulars, the lovers separated, to meet again to-morrow!

It is now to-morrow!

Ordinarily to-morrow does not occur to-day, but in the lover's calender everything goes.

During the night General Greely had dumped a load of ice on the weather.

At noon John Smith knocked at the great oaken door of the Maginnis mansion.

He was admitted freely.

Editors always go in that way.

In half an hour he tore madly out again.

He had seen the haughty and imperious Jones Smith.

And that gone him one better!

Which won?

It was a cold day!

Who knows what would have happened if General Greely had not dumped that load of ice until the day after To-morrow?—*Washington Critic.*

The Monte Carlo people will do anything to avoid scandal. As a rule this is the process. You have lost all your money, and you are in bona-fide distress. You go to the Administration and ask for a little assistance to get home. You are asked at what table you played. The head croupier of that table is sent for. He recognizes you as a player and probably remembers whether you played heavily or not. Your story being confirmed, you say to what station you wish to proceed. A sum sufficient for your fare and your needs on the journey is then handed to you, and you have to sign an I O U for the amount.

So long as you don't return to Monte Carlo you hear no more of the matter, but if you get back there again you you must repay your I O U before you are allowed to re-enter the gambling saloons. All the people on the establishment are trained to remember faces and it is very rarely that they make a mistake.

THE IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

An American Correspondent's Amusing Experiences in Dublin.

The jaunting car is the great feature of street life in Dublin. It is the popular method of conveyance. It will hold two people on each side besides the driver. The regular fare for their use is two shillings for the first hour and eighteen pence for the next. You learn this after you have paid all kinds of prices. These jaunting-car drivers are perfectly merciless in their charges unless you make a bargain with them beforehand. No matter how liberal you may think you are in paying them, these drivers always look as reproachfully at you as if you were attempting to rob them. The Irish drivers in the streets of Dublin are the most reckless of any I have ever seen. Their horses are tough and wiry and are always driven nearly on the dead run. At the slightest opportunity the driver forces his horse into a gallop. As the streets are very uneven and badly paved riding on a jaunting car gives much more exercise than ordinary horseback riding. The first driver I had overcharged me in such a stupendous way that he could not keep his face straight when he named his price. Then, after roaring at his own avarice, he calmly lowered the price himself and announced that he would take so much. I paid it to him, telling him that I knew it was double his fare. After he had received it he burst out in another roar. "You are right; it is about double, but it isn't every day we get a chance," and then went off in perfect convulsions of amusement over his successful strike at the stranger. The excessive volubility of the drivers is marvelous. They won't drive you well unless you let them talk. They get sulky directly, and make it up by extra charges. They are much better-natured to each other than the English cabbies. The first night I was out my driver ran the shafts of his car full tilt into the back of another car. I thought for a moment that he would take the back of the head car off, but he backed his horse off, and when the driver he had run into looked angrily back at him he said: "Look ahead of you, my boy. Never look behind when you are driving." And with this he swung out to the right and passed his friend's wheel by about a quarter of an inch, going on the dead bolt down Sackville street. The aggrieved fellow grinned at the assurance of his associate and stopped looking behind.

The last man I had continually called my attention to the beautiful black Irish mare at which to his car. He told me she could make ten miles an hour day in and day out for years. He would let her go for sixty guineas. I pretended to misunderstand him and said I didn't think she was worth six pounds. This made my driver indignant, and I spent the next fifteen or twenty minutes in trying to tip me off, by whirling suddenly around corners, or spinning his car along on one wheel down some dark street or slippery lane. But just on the whole they were so much more interesting and amusing than the English cabbies, because they met every possible situation with such wit and with such assurance. On a recent afternoon I asked one car driver how much he would charge to drive me out to the horse show and back, about a mile distant. He promptly responded half a guinea, without a blink. The next man was ready to go for two shillings. This extraordinary drop did not discompose the first driver. He stepped forward as if I were going with him as a matter of course, saying in the most contemptuous way, in speaking of the two-shilling man, "He will not be able to give you such a drive as I will." As I was not engaged at that particular time in buying and fanciful kind of superior Irish driving at a high class figure, I went with the two shilling man.

Stones in Seal's Stomachs.

At a recent meeting of the Bristol Naturalists' Society, Dr. A. J. Harrison read a paper on "The Ballast Bag of the Seal." The seals are carnivorous mammals divided into two classes—the Phocæ, or common seals with rudimentary ears, and the Otariæ (sea lions, bears, elephants), which have the ears developed. According to the fishermen, the Otariæ have an internal pouch known as the 'ballast bag,' because it is always found to contain a number of rounded stones. The presence of these is accounted for by saying that when the animals grow very fat they become so buoyant as to be unable to sink below the surface of the water without the aid of some ballast, which they secure by swallowing stones. This theory implies the possession by the seals of considerable reasoning power. Observations have shown that the so-called "ballast bag" is only the stomach; and accordingly some people have suggested that the stones are intended to assist in the trituration of food, in somewhat the same manner as in the gizzard of fowls. Other persons suppose the stones subserve no useful purpose, and are accidentally introduced with the food, or in play. In the seals and sea lions at the London Zoo similar rounded stones have been found, large numbers of which are quite foreign to the geological character of the district. A Newfoundland seal which died at the Clifton Zoo in 1876 was examined by Dr. Harrison, who found in the stomach gravel, nuts, and pieces of stick.

Overworked Pall-Bearers.

There are men in Atlanta who carry a helpless arm at their sides as the result of acting as pall-bearers at the funeral of a friend. A metallic casket weighs about five hundred pounds; with a man's body enclosed over six hundred pounds. The handles by which the casket is carried are awkwardly placed and cruel to the hand. Pall-bearers as a rule are men of sedentary life and unaccustomed to lifting heavy weights. By carrying unevenly, the larger weight of the coffin is often thrown on one man. He will not drop it, and the result is an arm permanently sprained. It is notorious that two or three pall-bearers at each funeral suffered from the effect of it for days afterward. What should be done is this: Every undertaker should have four trained men to carry the coffin. These could do it easily and without the delay incident to the present method. The pall-bearers, wearing badges and crape, could follow the coffin walking, as testimony of their love for the deceased and sympathy for the family. The change might be a shock at first, but the undertaker who inaugurates the custom will prevail at last.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, APRIL 28. 1888.

Entered at the Bridgeport Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

E. C. DAKE, 65 Merchants' Exchange.
L. P. FISHER, 21 Merchants' Exchange.
G. H. KELLOGG, 330 Pine street.

The steamer San Pablo, of San Francisco, was wrecked on Turnabout Island, en route from Yokohama to Hongkong, and is a total loss. The crew arrived safely at Shanghai. She belonged to Stanford, Crocker & Co., and was one of the finest steamers afloat. She was supplied with electric lights and her cabins were finished in California woods, and cost $450,000. No insurance, the owners being their own insurers.

The Secretary of the Treasury has accepted the following proposals for the redemption of bonds: 20,000 coupon 4's at 125; 1,000 coupon and 5,000 registered 4s at 124⅞; 15,000 coupon and 1,500 registered 4s at 124.70; 15,000 coupon and 5,000 registered 4s at 125. This is the one way to reduce the surplus.

Sidney L. Marsh, of San Francisco, was instantly killed at the Bay District track during a race on Saturday last by the horse Don Jose striking his head. Robert Crooks was also seriously injured. They were spectators.

The Republican State Convention meets on Tuesday next at Sacramento for the purpose of electing delegates to the National Convention, the nominating of Congressmen, a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and appointing a Central Committee.

The Veteran Fireman's Association, of San Francisco' have purchased the fine Philadelphia engine formerly known as Young America No. 6, of Sacramento, in volunteer times.

Two men were instantly killed, and three fatally injured by the explosion of dynamite which was being thawed out on a cooking stove, at Baraga, Mich., on Sunday last.

The Klamath Star, published at Linkville, Oregon, has sold one of its columns to the Republicans for the campaign. The Star is independent, but favorable to the Democrats, if anything.

Fresno people say the newly arrived colored field laborers do more work than the Chinese, do it better and give better satisfaction.

James Cummings, agent of the R. G. Dun Commercial Agency, suicided at Dayton, Ohio, on Sunday. He was a defaulter to the amount of $6,000.

Robert Vann was fatally shot while attempting to enter a house of ill-repute with a party of young men at St. Helena on Sunday last.

A centennial anniversary celebration of the inauguration of George Washington is to take place in New York on the 30th of April, 1889.

The New York Sun on Sunday published six columns from its California correspondent, telling of our boom and the great advantages of California.

Dr. W. W. Wixom, father of the great singer, Emma Nevada, was buried at Oakland on Sunday last.

At Centerville, Ky., Mr. Parsons, wife and child were instantly killed by lightning on Sunday last.

George Gardner fell under the wheels of an engine, at Carson, on Monday, and had both legs cut off.

Albert Moralis, of San Jose, ended a spree on Tuesday by swallowing muriatic acid.

The American ship Continental, from New York to Calcutta, was lost at Palmyra Point.

Claus Spreckles says that beet sugar production is the coming industry of California.

C. E, Bevan, of Nicolaus, shot himself to death, at Wheatland, on Sunday last. He was aged 31 years and married.

N. P. B. Wells, Treasurer of the Senica Falls Saving Bank, is a defaulter, and was arrested on Sunday last.

Major-General Crook will be assigned to the Division of Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago.

Butter is 60 cents a pound, and milk 20 cents a quart at San Diego—so much for the boom.

The Boston people gave John L. Sullivan a big reception upon his arrival from England.

The May term of the Supreme Court will commence at Sacramento on Monday, May 7th.

Postmaster S. T. Burton, of Sierraville, has been indicted for embezzling $2,443 75.

The New York Assembly passed the bill substituting electricity for hanging.

The Haywood Sentinel has been merged with the Journal.

TIME FOR A HALT.

If the Administration of President Cleveland desired to improve the condition of the wage earners of the country and most substantially benefit them, it should have taken energetic measures to meet the popular and universal demand for the enactment of laws to check the immense influx of foreign paupers, socialists, and the riff-raff of Europe, who are being poured into the country through the gates of Castle Garden at the rate of ten thousand a day, three hundred thousand a month, or nearly four millions a year! And the American people are cabled the pleasing news that the rush to the United States is so great that there are not enough steamers to bring the crowds to our "hospitable shores." It is more than probable that some, if not all, of the European powers are emptying their prisons on to our coast, and encouraging the undesirable element in their midst to depart for "land of the free, and the home of the brave." It is high time our Government was awakening to this crying evil, and devising a remedy. Under our present liberal naturalization laws those now flocking to the United States will control our elections in a few years. The little band of brave men who established this Nation never anticipated such a condition of affairs as now exist, or they would not have been so liberal regarding the elective franchise. We have enough people in this country for all practical purposes, and the natural increase is sufficiently great to keep our National family intact. No classes of our people are more interested in stopping this influx of undesirable people than are our artisans, mechanics and laboring men, thousands of whom are of foreign birth with American children. Every man coming ashore at Castle Garden means a reduction of wages or no work, as they must have employment even if they have to work for lower wages, or else they drift into the alms houses and jails, and then the honest workingman has to provide his quota of the public taxes to support the idle and dissolute. If we can prevent the Chinese coming, we can surely check the influx of other foreigners. The doors should be shut at once in the face of every foreign nation, and measures taken to provide homes for those now within the National family circle. The pre-emption laws should be repealed and the remaining small portion of our public lands that have not been stolen by corporations, foreign syndicates and unprincipled and perjured individuals, should be reserved for homestead purposes only. The strength of the Nation is in its thousands of homes, and our Government should encourage the multiplying thereof throughout our sparsely settled States and Territories, and after we have provided for those now with us, it will be time enough to invite others to our shores.

VANDEVER SUSTAINED.—The House Committee on Elections has awarded the contested seat in this, Sixth, District to General Vandever, the Republican sitting member. The contestant Lynch, of the Los Angeles Herald, had no earthly grounds for a contest, but his partisan zeal led him to believe that a Democratic majority would be blind to everything that was right and just, and give him the seat. He has found there are some honest Democrats in Congress, and now it is in order for him to stick to his paper and let some other unfortunate Democratic run in the Sixth District.

The President should look around and see how his own New York Federal officials are observing "civil service reform," and obeying orders regarding "offensive partisanship," The Newburg (N. Y.) Journal gives a lengthy account of a Democratic meeting held in that city, at which the Democratic Postmaster and other Federal officials had all to say. Had they been Republican officials acting thusly in the face of a Presidential election, what a howl there would have been from the Democratic press. It makes a great difference whose ox is being gored, don't it?

It is supposed that the delegation from San Francisco will be represented by proxies at the Democratic Convention at Los Angeles. Cost too much to go there. The Democracy should have taken warning from the Republicans. Los Angeles is too far.

We are again favored with the periodical talk about "the extension of the Carson & Colorado Railroad to Los Angeles." It will be extended when D. O. Mills gets ready to extend, and until D. O. Mills gets ready to extend, it will not be extended.

The San Francisco Democracy have not been over harmonious in their elections for delegates to their State Convention. Numerous fisticuffs have taken place at their love feasts.

San Francisco Republicans are instructing their delegates to the State Convention to vote for Blaine delegates. This does not prospect well for a Stanford delegation from this State.

The Devil Fish Described by Hugo

Is not a more tenacious monster than malaria, whether it takes the form of chills and fever, bilious remittent, ague cake or dumb ague. Like the octopus of the story it clasps the victim in its tentaculæ, and folds him closer and closer in his horrible embrace. Attacked with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, however, it gradually relaxes its tremendous grip, finally abandons it, and the quondam sufferer, liberated at last, rejoices in the sense of new born freedom, engendered by the restoration of complete health. Dyspepsia, too, and constipation, those old and remorseless enemies of the human family, give ground, and are finally driven from the field by this Napoleon of remedies, the greatest, the purest in the family pharmacopœia. Rheumatism succumbs to it, so do kidney troubles. The nerves, when overstrained regain quietude and vigor by its aid, and the ability to rest tranquilly and eat with zest are increased by it. Resort to it in time and avoid unnecessary suffering.

EVERYBODY TO HIS TRADE.

Nothing is truer than that a man who attempts to be a jack at all trades is successful in none. Equally true is it that life is too short for a man to prepare himself for grappling with all kinds of diseases. We need specialists in medicine, and in large cities it is becoming more and more the custom for physicians to adopt some favorite special line of practice. The names of many such become familiar the world around, as Dr. Douglas who attended General Grant, or that of Dr. Foote, of New York, whose original ideas of and successful practice in chronic diseases, have become widely known because his entertaining writings and remarkable cures are to be found in almost every county of every state of the Union. His favorite work, "Plain Home Talk," has worked its way around the globe both way, via London and via San Francisco to Australia and New Zealand, with the result that the doctor, at his office, 120 Lexington Ave., New York, is in receipt of consultation letters and reports from patients in every foreign mail. But this prophet is not without honor in his own country, and it is mainly from his own countrymen that Dr. Foote invites free consultation, and to whom he offers the benefit of his thirty years experience. His career and success alone prove the advantage of specialism.

Gen. Boulanger is half an Englishman. Boulanger pere was a lawyer in Rennes, but sold his practice and migrated to Nantes, where he became inspector to the insurance Company "La Bretagne." The General's mother was an Englishwoman of "exceptional beauty," and the General is very like her. The Boulangers had difficulty to make both ends meet, and when the lad was at the military school of St. Cyr, he was usually rather short of pocket money, and frequently made his dinner off chaussons—a cheap little cake—in order to save money to purchase for himself a new pair of gloves. He was always brilliant, lively and to the front in the games. The General is now in his 52d year, and his two daughters are nearly grown up. His handsome face is rather spoiled by the projecting cheek bones.

The Sacramento Bee office is being flooded with strawberries, the gifts of its many friends.

Rear Admiral Charles Steward Boggs is dead.

Dexter, the famous trotter, and the first horse to trot a mile in 2:17¼, is dead, aged 30 years.

Sullivan offers to fight any man in the world for $10,000 a side, but he prefers to fight Mitchell and Kilrain.

Florida has sent a Blaine delegation to Chicago. Will Florida give her electoral vote to Blaine in November?

A man named Jones ate forty raw eggs in five minutes in New York for a wager of $5.

Capt. E. N. Jennings, the swordsman, died at Melbourne recently.

On Tuesday $1,642,000 were offered to the Government.

The Prohibitionists of Grass Valley have nominated a full municipal ticket.

The Knights of Labor are hard pushed for money.

The Pope is feeble and very much emaciated.

Conkling's estate is valued $250,000, $75,000 cash and the balance in securities.

Governor Hill, of New York, is not a candidate for President.

Mrs. Senator Stanford is dangerously ill in Washington.

Hon. John F. Swift is going to Oregon to stump the State for the Republicans.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform you readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respecttully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl st., New York.

NEW TO-DAY.

DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF. D. E. No. 278.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Independence, Cal.,
April 23, 1888

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT LINCOLN GOODNOW, Guardian of the person and Estate of LLOYD GOODNOW, an incompetent person, of Coleville, Mono county, California, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No. 278 for the S. ½ of S. E. ¼ of Section 7, Tp. 8 N. R. 23 E. M. D. M. before Hon. Superior Judge of Mono Co., Cal., at Bridgeport, on

MONDAY, the 4th day of JUNE, 1888.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:

Clark Eggleston, John Dickson, Charles Taylor and Joseph Carney, all of Coleville, Mono Co., California.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
Register.

ap28-5w

Antelope Valley Pasturage

CAN BE HAD FOR THE SEASON AT the Ranch of the undersigned.

☞ Stock can be left at Turner's Livery Stable, Bridgeport.

ap21-6m HENRY PITTS

MINING NOTICES.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

VIRGINIA CREEK HYDRAULIC MINING Company.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Location of works, Bodie, Mono county, California.

Notice—There are delinquent upon the following-described stock, on account of assessment (No. 5) levied on the 28th day of February, 1888, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders as follows:

Names.	No. Cert.	No. Shs.	Am't
R N Graves	65	100	$5 00
A Packard	87	100	5 00
A Packard	88	5000	250 00
A Packard	89	2400	120 00
A Packard	91	300	15 00
A Packard	98	2000	100 00
D E Jones, Trustee	49	500	25 00
D E Jones, Trustee	81	1000	50 00
D E Jones, Trustee	82	500	25 00
D D Jones, Trustee	106	1000	50 00
Benj Barton	120	1000	50 00
J M Quay, Trustee	113	13500	675 00
Henry Graves	135	6100	305 00
R N Graves	136	5500	275 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 28th day of February, 1888, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the salesroom of S. P. Middleton, No. 22 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., on TUESDAY, the 1st day of May, 1888, at the hour of 12 o'clock M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

J. M. QUAY, Secretary.

OFFICE—No. 406 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. ap14-td

LEGAL.

Notice for Publication of Time appointed for Proving Will, etc.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, OF THE COUNty of Mono, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of GILBERT P. BRONSON, Deceased.

Pursuant to an Order of said Superior Court, made on the 2d day of April, 1888, notice is hereby given, that Tuesday the 8th day of May, 1888, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court Room of said Court, at Bridgeport, in the County of Mono, has been appointed as the time and place for proving the Will of said Gilbert P. Bronson, deceased, and for hearing the application of Sarah M. Bronson for the issuance to her of Letters Testamentory, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same.

Dated April 2, 1888.

ap7-1m O. H. KISTER, Clerk.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Mono, State of California.

WM. O. PARKER, Plaintiff, vs. ANNIE J. PARKER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said County.

C. A. SCHUMAN, Plaintiff's Attorney.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Annie J. Parker, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the said County of Mono, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons—if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the bonds of Matrimony now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant, as will more fully appear by reference to the Complaint on file in this office, a copy of which accompanies a copy of this Summons, and to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

L. S. Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, this 20 day of Feby in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

O. H. KISTER, Clerk.

Indorsed: No. 782. Superior Court, County of Mono.

Wm. O. Parker, Plaintiff, v. Annie J. Parker, Defendant.

Summons.

Filed Feby 20, 1888.

O. H. KISTER, Clerk.

C. A. SCHUMAN, Plaintiff's Attorney.

[f25-2m]

CAUTION NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, CAUTIONING the public against negotiating a certain promisory note for $4,000, given by Henry Williams, in favor of John Sheean, dated Sweetwater, Nevada, January 5th, 1884, with ten per cent. per annum interest, payable in Nevada or California, the said note having been paid on the 11th day of May, 1887.

Dated Sweetwater, April 10th, 1888.

HENRY WILLIAMS.

[ap14-4w]

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

IN REPLY TO THE ABOVE "CAUTION NOtice," I have to say that I hold a note of Henry Williams, of Sweetwater, for $4,000, which is outlawed—not one dollar having been paid towards its liquidation. I, also, held a note of Henry Williams, of Sweetwater, for $4,000, upon which he paid $2,245 on the 11th day of May, 1887; and $550 on the 6th day of January, 1888, and a new note given for $2,500 which was paid on the 13th day of April, 1888. Thus it appears that the note he claims to have paid on the 11th day of May, 1887, was not paid in full until the 13th day of April, 1888, and the other note of $4,000, dated on the same day as that paid, is yet in my hands—an outlawed note of $4,000 signed by Henry Williams, of Sweetwater.

Dated Clinton, April 16, 1888.

ap21-4w JOHN H. SHEEHAN.

Notice to Delinquent Tax Payers.

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE TO THE DELINQUENT TAXPAYERS of the COUNTY OF MONO, State of California, that unless IMMEDIATE PAYMENT IS MADE to me, at my office in the town of Bridgeport, Mono County, California, of the Delinquent UNPAID STATE AND COUNTY TAXES for the year 1887, I shall in pursuance of Law and an Order of the Board of Supervisors of Mono County, made on the 5th day of April, 1888 proceed to COLLECT SAID TAXES BY SUIT, together with five (5) per cent. penalty added for the nonpayment thereof, and interest a the rate of two (2) per cent. per month from the 26th day of December, 1887, and the costs of advertising the same.

Dated at Bridgeport, Mono County, State of California, April 13th, 1888.

W. H. VIRDEN,
District Attorney Mono County, California.

[ap14 tf]

BAKER'S VITAL RECENERATOR NERVE TONIC removes all consequences of folly and excess; renews the energy, courage and vigor of youth. Cures weakness of mind and body; Nervous Debility, Spinal Exhaustion, Lost Manhood, etc. A powerful nervous invigorator and restorative. Particulars free. BAKER REM. CO., Box 104, Buffalo, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POSTOFFICE STORE,

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.,

HAS IN STOCK

Choice Family Groceries,

DRY GOODS

FANCY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES and HATS,

Wines and Liquors,

PAINTS, OILS, LAMPS, CHIMNEYS and WICK

Hardware,

Stationery, Confectionary,

Powder and Shot.

A. F. BRYANT.

JOE A. BROWN,

General Merchandise,

Main Street, Bridgeport.

Choice Family Groceries,

Fancy and Toilet Articles,

Cannies and Nuts



Yankee Notions,

Powder, Shot, Caps and Cartridges,

Stationery, etc., etc.

S. L. MUNSON.

Manufacturer of Acorn Dress Shirts, Collars, Cuff Shirt Fronts, Ladies' Collars and Lace Neckwear,

ALBANY, N. Y.



The latest shirt issued under the "Acorn" Brand is "THE WONDER," and it is also the best shirt ever made for the Trade.

The following are some of its principal points of excellence, a printed list of which is attached to each shirt:

1st—It has the finest and heaviest muslin ever put in a shirt, (Utica Nonpariel improved).

2—It has a 3-ply linen bosom.

3—It is of extra length.

4—It is reinforced, both back and front, extending and meeting under the arm where most needed.

5—It has the Tomlinson patent endless facing.

6—It is custom make and finish.

7—It cannot break or tear anywhere.

Like the Deacon's "one-hoss shay," it has no weak spot, and will never "give" anywhere, but, at the end of scores of years, it will dissolve into space—not a thread broken or a seam started.

Fathers will bequeath these shirts, purchased in early manhood, a priceless legacy to their children.

We expect a large demand for them to place in the corner stones of linen structures as evidence of the greatest triumph of modern civilization.

We are taking steps to put this crowning achievement of art into the "Acorn" agencies in London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Constantinople, when it can not fail of instant and permanent success.

YATES & HUNTER, Agents,
537 Market Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

EASTWALKER RIVER TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

EAST WALKER RIVER WAGON ROAD

are as follows:

Buggy team	$1 50
Loaded wagon and two animals	1 00
Each additional pair of animals	50
Horseman	25
Pack Animals, each	25
Hogs and sheep, each	5
Loose stock, each	5
Empty teams, half-price.	

No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road.

All tolls will be required to be paid at the time of passing the toll gates, as no credit given.

TYPE METAL

For sale at

This Office.

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE WAGON ROAD

are as follows:

Buggy team	$1 50
Loaded wagon and two animals	1 00
Each additional pair of animals	50
Horseman	25
Pack Animals, each	25
Hogs and sheep, each	5
Loose stock, each	5
Empty teams half-price.	

No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road.

All tolls will be required to be paid at the time of passing the toll gates, as no credit given.

TYPE METAL

For Sale at

This Office

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, APRIL 28, 1888.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Personal.

J. K. Harmon, of Chicago, has been visiting the Monte Cristo mine at Cameron, Patterson District, of which he is one of the principal owners, and went to San Francisco on Saturday last, accompanied by Superintendent Bevan. We learn that Mr. Harmon was very much pleased with the mine, and that the new tunnel will be pushed vigorously.

Sheriff Morgan and wife; County Clerk Kister and wife, and Miss Angel, attended the Odd Fellows Ball at Bodie on Thursday evening.

Tax Collector Morgan went to Antelope yesterday to collect cattle and sheep licenses.

John Sheehan, of Clinton, was here on Tuesday.

Mrs. J. W. Towle and family left for Antelope Canon Station this morning to take charge of the Station the coming Summer for Wm. Price.

A. H. Allen went to Antelope yesterday with Sheriff Morgan to attend Morris Dick's horse and cattle auction sale to-day.

BUCKING.—A notice published in the Inyo Register calls on all cattlemen who pasture stock in Mono county in Summer to meet at Bishop Creek to-day, to devise measures for resisting the license Ordinance of Mono county imposing double taxation upon cattle. It is signed "Many Cattlemen." If "Many Cattlemen" of Inyo county do not like our license ordinances they are not compelled to come into Mono county with their cattle. Inyo has fine grazing lands, and they had better stay on them. These "Many Cattlemen" do not protest against the Sheep Ordinance of Inyo county, but when Mono enacts a similar ordinance regarding cattle they "buck." It matters not to their consistent souls how much their neighbor's sheep are worried, but no one must attempt to gore their oxen. These Inyo cattlemen must have been enjoying a refreshing Rip Van Winkle sleep, if they have not heard that the Supreme Court has already decided that the Mono ordinances are constitutional, and that the license tax is not "double taxation," the Court being very decided on that point. It may be well to state, that the citizens of southern Mono, along the Inyo line, were the most persistent in their demands for said license, for the protection of their business and cattle, inasmuch as many cattlemen of Inyo do not respect the rights of Mono residents, but ride over them "rough shod," driving Mono cattle from their grazing grounds, and, it is charged, running off many cattle with their herds in the fall. The Ordinance is a law and Collector Morgan is collecting the license without any "bucking" on the part of Mono cattlemen, and if Inyo and Nevada stock men drive cattle into this county they will have to follow suit or suffer the consequences. We advise "Many Cattlemen" to save their money and pay their licenses like little men, and not throw it away on some pettifogging lawyer, who may say "the Supreme Judges are damphools, and I can beat the case!"

DEMOCRATIC DELEGATES.—The Democratic County Central Committee met at Bodie on Tuesday and elected C. A. Schuman, of Bodie, and W. O. Parker, of Bridgeport, to the Democratic State Convention to meet in Los Angeles. Mr. Schuman will go and have Mr. Parker's proxy, if Mr. Parker is unable to attend in person.

IN LUCK.—Al. Leavitt, son of Judge H. L. Leavitt, of this place, is the Republican nominee for County Clerk of Klamath county, Oregon. Al. is a Bridgeport bred boy, and we are glad to hear of his good luck so far, and believe he will make an excellent Clerk if elected, and hope he will be.

THE FOURTH.—Would it not be advisable for the people of Bridgeport to commence at an early date to make arrangements for celebrating the Fourth of July by having a grand barbecue, oration, singing, games, etc, thus letting the people of the county and vicinity know what to expect. It will insure a large attendance.

ASSESSMENT ROLL.—The Assessment Roll shows a great falling off of taxable property in Bodie, outside of the mines. Lundy, on account of the fire, will, also, exhibit a loss, but the other sections of the county will, probably, make up the deficit.

THE PROSPECT.—The probability is that the vote of Mono county next November will not exceed that cast before Bodie "came out." Voters are daily leaving for pastures new.

IMPROVING.—The so-called whooping cough, which has been troubling old and young alike, is subsiding. School, which was closed for two weeks on account of it, re-opened on Monday last.

HEALTHY.—That this section is dissressingly healthy at this time is evidenced by the fact that the drug store has been closed a few days, and our Doctor is absent in the mountains tending his "innocent sheep."

BODIE MINSTRELS.—The Bodie Minstrels will give an entertainment at this place, in Bryant's Hall, on Tuesday evening, and it will be well worth attending.

IN ORDER.—Road Overseer Gurney is at work on the roads, repairing bridges, and putting our highways in good order for the Summer campaign.

MINE SOLD.—We learn that the Great Western mine, in the Patterson District, and about 17 miles north of Bridgeport, has been sold to an Eastern company, and it is probable that work will be inaugurated by the new owners at an early day. There are other good mining properties in the Patterson District that should be in the hands of moneyed men who would make them productive.

IN TIME.—C. C. Turner has erected a large water tank on the west side of his Stable for fire purposes. He intends to be prepared for fire, not intending to wait until his "horse is stolen" before "he locks the stable door." This is an example others could follow with profit, perhaps.—We cannot have too many safeguards against fire.

COLD SNAP.—This week has not been as seasonably pleasant as one could have desired. Ice made on Wednesday night, and during the day we had a snow squall. We have not learned that any damage has been done to the Antelope fruit.

ODD FELLOWS BALL.—The Odd Fellows Ball, at Bodie, on Thursday evening was well attended.

DIVIDEND.—The Standard Consolidated has declared another dividend of five cents a share.

RICH STRIKE.—There is a report that a rich strike—$100 ore, has been made in Williams' tunnel in the Patterson District.

PLEASANT.—The weather to-day is pleasant and seasonable.

KILLED.—At Big Pine, Inyo county, on Wednesday morning, John B. White was stabbed and killed by W. T. C. Elliott. White was an uncle of Elliott's divorced wife, and it is claimed he was stabbed for offering protection to his niece, Elliott asked to be arrested.

On Tuesday five vessels, with 8,000 tons of sugar, arrived at San Francisco. The California Refinery got 5,000 of it, the American taking the balance. Claus Spreckels will remove from San Francisco to Philadelphia to take charge of his new refinery.

The Southern Pacific Company has ordered a collier to be built in England.—Two more are to be built, one at San Francisco, and the other probably at Philadelphia. They are to be of steel, and a capacity of 6,000 tons of coal each.

The S. F. Post made a good fight against the gamblers in San Francisco, and won, the authorities arresting a number and closing the dens.

It is said that Frank Pixley has repudiated the American party and returned to the Republican fold.

General Dimond is coming to the front as a Republican candidate for Mayor of San Fradcisco.

In the late Republican State Conventions in the East the name of Blaine was received the wildest enthusiasm.

Over 250 decisions have been delayed in the Supreme Court of this State on account of sickness of three of its Judges.

Secretary Fairchild has this week purchased $3,510,000 bonds. Make way with the surplus!

A State Anti-Chinese Convention is to be held at San Francisco on May 8th.

Four inches of snow fell on the Summit of the C. P. R. R. on Tuesday night.

J. B. Haggin will retire from the turf next June.

The wheat crop of the San Joaquin Valley will be very light.

300 tons of ore from the Durand mine at Aurora, Nevada, gave out $18,000.

Mexico has shut down on bull-fighting.

It costs $1 17 to stop a train of cars.

Some of the best dressed gentlemen of Mono county are indebted to Silas B. Smith, of Bodie, for their stylish appearance. He has the agency for some of the finest tailoring establishments in the East. His samples for the Fall and Winter are unsurpassed. He displays over 2,000 different patterns of cloth. His experience with the tape line for many years insures a good fit every time. When in Bodie call on him and inspect the goods.

GROCERIES.—David Hays & Bro. have this week received a large stock of fresh groceries and canned goods of every description.

This is house cleaning time, and A. F. Bryant has just received new styles of wall paper, paints, oils, etc.

Perforated veneer chair bottoms at D. Hays & Bro.

Fresh Groceries just received at Bryant's

FRESH CRANBERRIES at Bryant's.

New Dress Goods at D. Hays & Bro.

BIRTH.

WEDERTZ.—At Bridgeport, April 22, to the wife of C. E. Wedertz, a son.

MARRIAGES.

FOLGER—HENRY.—At Sacramento, April 19, Charles C. Folger to Catherine Henry, both of Sacramento.

A REMARKABLE TALE.

Snakes Will Not Live on Soil From the Emerald Isle.

James Francis Hogan, in his book, "The Irish in Australian," relates that Vaucluse, one of the prettiest spots on Sydney Harbor, has a curious and romantic history. At the beginning of the century it was chosen as his place of residence by Sir Henry Hays, an Irish Baronet, who had the misfortune to be transported for abducting the lady on whom he had set his affections, but who did not see her way to reciprocate his tender passion. Though technically a prisoner, Sir Henry's rank and social position caused him to be treated by the authorities as a privileged person, and he was allowed a full measure of freedom on giving his word of honor that he would make no attempt to leave the colony and return to Ireland. Sir Henry accepted his fate with philosophical resignation, and commenced to build a new home for himself on the beautiful estate which he had purchased and called Vaucluse. But though the place was, and still is, one of the lovelist spots on earth, it had at that time one serious and annoying drawback. It was infested with snakes.

One day, however, a bright idea struck Sir Henry as he was cogitating on the subject, and wondering if there were any practical means of ridding himself of these unwelcome intruders. He resolved to try a bold and remarkable experiment. He would see whether the virtue of St. Patrick's prohibition of snakes on Irish soil would extend to the same soil if transferred to the other side of the world. He accordingly sent home for a number of barrels of Irish soil, and they arrived in Sydney in due course. Sir Henry then spread this imported earth, as far as it would go, around his residence, with the result, very gratifying to himself, that his domestic precincts were never afterwards troubled by snakes, although the other portions of the estate continued to be infested by the reptiles. Succeeding occupants of Vaucluse, among them the distinguished statesman, W. C. Wentworth, all agree in testifying to the singular fact that a snake was never known to cross the charmed circle of Irish earth.

A Horse that Draws the Water He Drinks.

The sagacity exhibited by some of the horses employed by the fire department in New York is very remarkable, and their exploits have been frequently described in our daily newspapers. But for the first time we read in one of our evening contemporaries of a horse in the service of the ambulance corps, which is not far behind any fire engine horse we have read of in point of intelligence. The horse pulls the ambulance in search of patients for the New York Hospital, and during the whole period of his philanthropic career as an ambulance, he has never once been given a drink by any of the stable hands. He believes in the maxim that God helps those who help themselves, and helps himself accordingly.

A *Telegram* reporter went down to see how he quenched his thirst, and was edified by the intellectual behavior of the animal, which he described as follows:

There is an ordinary faucet with a pail under it in the stable, and to this faucet the horse made a bee line.

First he dipped his nose into the pail to see if there was any water there, but finding there was none, he proceeded to open the valve by turning the handle with his nose. He did not turn it on quite enough at the first attempt, so he gave it a nother nudge, and held his nose under the spigot while the water poured over it to his apparent immense satisfaction. "But what a lot of water will be wasted when he leaves it running the moment he has had enough!" ejaculated the reporter.

"Wait and see," answered the driver.

And there was no water wasted, for the moment the horse had concluded his drink, he went at the faucet again with his nose and shut off the flow completely.

"Does he always do that?" again queried the newspaper man.

"Certainly," answered the driver, as he patted his four-footed friend on the shoulder. "As long as I've known him, that horse has never had a drink that he did not draw from the tap for himself just as you have seen him do this time."

—Worry, says *Good Housekeeping*, is the cause of more trouble than any other one thing, not excepting alcohol, for it leads men to murder, suicide, embezzlement, insanity, drink, family estrangements, quarrels, and business difficulties. Worried people cannot make good bargains, their judgments become so warped or twisted, through dwelling too long on the same subject, with those subjects they are no clearer at the end of their thinking than they were at the beginning. There are multitudes of deaths every year, attributed to regular specific diseases, as typhoid fever, dyspepsia, consumption, and heart disease, which have for their cause worry. Worry induces such a condition of body that it readily receives the germs of disease.

—At a meeting of the Berlin Chemical Society last week one of the professors mentioned a new use or application of photography, which may become of the greatest importance in detecting forgery. The application was based upon the fact that different effects upon the negatives, blue appearing, for instance, white, and brown almost black. Consequently, where figures or a name had been altered with ink of a different hue from the original this would be shown in the photographic impression. The professor cited two instances, which happened of late, in which forgery was detected in this way. The photograph showed conclusively that different colored ink had been used, though the naked eye could see no difference, and further investigation proved the supposition correct.

—A queer case has lately been occupying the attention of the War Department—that of Sergeant S. J. Demars, at present in the Vermont Soldiers' Home at Bennington. As told, "he enlisted in 1861, in Company E, of the Fifth Vermont Regiment. After being captured, exchanged, and wounded twice, he was wounded at Spottsylvania for the third time. He was taken to the hospital near Fair ax Court House, from which he suddenly disappeared after he had partly recovered. Since nothing was heard from him when his regiment was mustered out in 1865, he was put down as a deserter. But on investigation it has been found that he left the hospital unconsciously while suffering from delirium, the effect of his wounds. Senator Edmunds and others have been working for two years in his behalf, and last week he received an honorable discharge, to date from June 29, 1865."

Her New Line.

He: "Are you doing any painting now, Miss Glaize?" She: "No, I'm not painting; I'm working in pastel." He: "Pastel? What's that?" She: "Oh, colored chalks, you know! The best effects are got with the tips of the fingers." He: "Oh, I know! I've seen the men doing it on the pavements. Awfully jolly!"

THE LESSONS OF "UNSER FRITZ" CASE.

The greatest doctors in Europe don't seem to know what ails "Unser Fritz."

Thus are the Garfield and Grant episodes repeated, and public confidence in "expert" medical knowledge is again shaken.

The effect is a revulsion.

Since the fatal days of 1883, many of the doctrines of the schoolmen concerning extensive medication have been abandoned, and all schools of practice are more and more relying upon old-fashioned simple root and herb preperations and careful nursing,—the only reliances known to our ancestors.

These methods and reliances are illustrated to-day in a series of old-fashioned roots and herbs preparations recently given to the world by the well-known proprietors of Warner's safe cure—preparations made from formulæ possessed by many of our oldest families, and rescured for popular use, and issued under the happy designation of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies.

"My son," exclaimed a venerable woman to the writer when he was a boy, "my son, you'r yeller and pale and weak like lookin', you'r needin' a good shaking up with some sas'pari!'."

A jug of spring sarsaparilla was just as necessary in the "winter supplies" of fifty years ago as was a barrel of pork, and a famous medical authority says that the very general prevalence of the use of such a preparation as Log Cabin Sarsaparilla explains the rugged health of our ancestors.

While Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is an excellent remedy for all seasons of the year, it is particularly valuable in the spring, when the system is full of sluggish blood and requires a natural constitutional tonic and invigorator to resist colds and pneumonia, and the effects of a long winter. Philo M. Parsons, clerk of the City Hotel of Hartford, Conn., was prostrated with a cold which, he says, "seemed to settle through my body. I neglected it and the result was my blood became impoverished and poisoned, indicated by inflamed eyes. I was treated but my eyes grew worse. I was obliged to wear a shade over them. I feared that I would be obliged to give up work.

"Under the operation of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and Liver Pills," he says, "The sore and inflamed eyes disappeared. My blood, I know, is in a healthier condition, than it has been for years. I have a much better appetite. I shall take several more bottles for safety's sake. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is a great blood purifier and I most heartily recommend it."

A few bottles of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla used in the family now will save many a week of sickness and many a dollar of bills. Use no other. This is the oldest, most thoroughly tested, and the best, is put up in the largest sarsaparilla bottle on the market, containing 120 doses. There is no other preparation of similar name that can equal it. The name of its manufacturers is a guarantee of its superior worth.

While the great doctors wrangle over the technicalities of an advanced medical science that can not cure disease, such simple preparations yearly snatch millions from untimely graves.

Poison in the Pipe.

An experiment recently made by the medical staff of the German army as to the effect various grades of tobacco had upon the health of their soldiers is of general interest to all smokers.

It was found, after a searching inquiry, that the prevalence of throat diseases among smokers was not due so much to excess in this indulgence as to the use of green and improperly cured leaf.

Few manufacturers can afford to have a large capital idle for three years or more, consequently the most of them cut new leaf, the noxious effects of which is fully realized when generated through the heated smoke. It is only large manufacturers who make smoking tobacco a specialty and who desire to retain their well earned reputation, that carry large stocks of leaf for the specified period. We learn that Marburg Bros. have in store nearly twenty millions of pounds of the crop of 1885, and it is to this is due the wide reputation they have established for their "Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut."—Grocer and Country Merchant.

Ex-Judge Robert Ferral and Senator P. J. Murphy will go before the Democratic Convention for Congressional nomination for the Fourth District, and Congressman Morrow will stand for the Republican nomination. In the Fifth, James V. Coleman will stand for the Democratic, and John J. Boone and Congressman Felton for the Republican nomination.

H. H. Lindburger, a clerk of Bancroft & Co., a native of San Francisco, aged 24 years, suicided on Monday morning.

Garoters are plying their calling in San Francisco.

RICHLY are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

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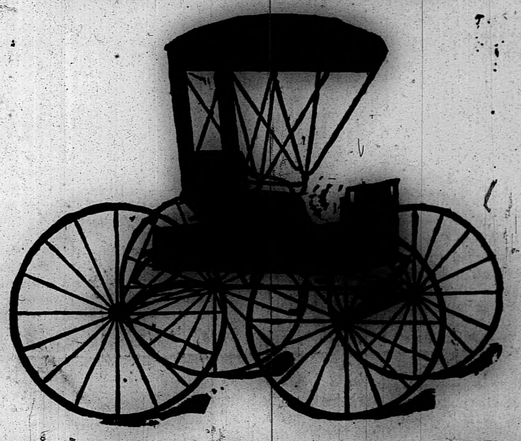
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APRIL 28, 1888.

RANDOM READINGS.

—What runs best when it is tired?—A wheel.

—At a museum. Mrs. N.: "My dear, I wish you to observe this beautiful statue of Apollo. And this is his wife, Apollinaris."

—An old man-of-war's-man who had lost a leg in the service of his country became a retailer of potatoes. He said he was obliged to be a retailer, because, having lost a leg, he could not be a whole sailor.

—"Mamma, aren't grandpapa and grandmamma awfully old?" "No, Millie, not very old. But why do you ask?" "Why, I heard grandpapa tell aunt Mary that he and grandmamma were present at the *Creation*."

—She, to George, who is taking her out for a ride, and whose horse has jibbed: "Don't be annoyed, George. Have patience, and he will move on presently." He: "Patience, my dear! Why, I am paying for the wretched beast by the hour!"

—"And why are you surprised, Mr. Sampson," she said, drawing herself up with hauteur, "that I play the piano so well?" "Because your hands are small, Miss Smith, that you must find it difficult to strike an octave." Then she played some more for him.

—Wife, returned from church: "You should have heard Mr. Goodman's sermon this morning, my dear. I don't know when anything has made such a profound impression upon me." Husband: "Did you walk home?" Wife: "No; I took a tram-car; and, do you know, Jonn, the conductor never asked me for my fare! Wasn't I lucky?"

—A tramp recently applied for alms at the office of a certain charity organization society. After detailing his manifold sorrows, the man at the desk peremptorily dismissed him. "Go away," said he; "we canna gie ye naething." "Well," returned the tramp, drawing himself up with offended dignity, "you might at least have refused me grammatically."

—M. Coquelin the French actor is legitimately proud of himself. On one occasion he was assigned a rasher minor *role* in a play. Meeting him at rehearsal, some one remarked to him that it must seem odd for him not to have the leading part. "But I have the leading part," said he. "How is that? Are you not cast for the character of X." "Certainly! That is the leading part. Whatever part I take is always the leading part."

—Mr. Frith the artist tells how the grandfather in his picture "The Birthday" was "a man who had seen better days and found refuge in the work ouse for his old age. He was an amusing old fellow, brimming over with wise saws and good advice. He warned me against extravagance. Not that he had been guilty of it—oh, no!—for, said he, 'If I hadn't been a very careful man, I should have been in the workhouse long before I was.'"

—Sydney Smith, the prince of diners-out, said, in one of the letters to Jeffrey, "Tell Murray that I was much struck with the politeness of Miss Markham the day after he went. In carving a partridge I splashed her with gravy from head to foot; and, though I saw three distinct brown rills of animal juice trickling down her cheek, she had the complaisance to swear that not a drop had reached her! Such circumstances are the triumphs of civilized life."

—After the marriage of the Crown Prince of Prussia with the Princess Royal of England the happy pair embarked at Gravesend for their future home. To reach their vessel they had to pass through a long passage or gangway thickly lined on both sides with all sorts and conditions of men and women. As the royal couple walked slowly along, the Crown Prince felt his arm touched. He turned, and was thus addressed by a navvy—'Now mind you behave well to her when you gets her Royal Highness over there; if you don't, we'll pretty soon fetch her back again."

—Lord Ellenborough's wit was very caustic. In his *Personal Remembrances* Sir F. Pollock records one or two instances of it. We read that his lordship once came rushing out from a debate in the House of Lords, and ran against the Prince of Wales. "I beg your Royal Highness's pardon," said he; "but I am responsible to my Creator for the use of my time, and Lord Darnley is speaking!" On another occasion Lord Westmoreland, in the course of a speech, said, "My lords, at this point I asked myself a question." "And a dushed stupid answer you'd be sure to get to it!" remarked Lord Ellenborough, in a loud aside.

—When the poet Scheffel was staying in Italy for the benefit of his health, he received a letter from a friend in Germany—an unfranked letter—containing nothing but the words, "I am well. With kind regards—Yours, &c." Annoyed at having to pay double postage for such an insignificant piece of news, the poet determined to serve his friend out. He procured a large stone of immense weight, packed it in a box, and sent it to his correspondent with the words, "Collect carriage." The latter, in the belief that the contents of the parcel were valuable, gladly paid the heavy charge for carriage, opened the box, and found, to his horror, nothing but an ordinary stone bearing a label on which was written, "On receipt of the news that you were in good health, the accompanying load rolled off my heart!"

—Upon one of the best-believed of Eton stories the Rev. W. Rogers of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, throws some doubt in his lately-published reminiscences. "Of tuft-hunting," he says, "in the modern sense of the word, there was none. The noblemen had special places in chapel, but this made no difference: we were all boys together in a genuine and honest English way. When we came back at the beginning of one half, there appeared at my dame's a smart boy dressed in a light-blue jacket faced with velvet, white trousers and waistcoat, with a turned-down collar and frills. I spotted him, and at once put the questions, 'What's your name?' and 'Who's your father?' He replied, 'I am Charles Stewart Vane, Viscount Seaham, and my father is the Marquis of Londonderry.' Upon receipt of this information I kicked him three times—once for Vane, once for Seaham, and once for Londonderry. I do not vouch for this story. It is a very old story. As a matter of fact, I do not believe it. But I have heard the late Lord Londonderry tell it so often that I am afraid he did."

—Faith apprehendeth pardon, but never payeth a penny for it.

CLUCKINGS.

BEARD.—A bunch of feathers under the hen's throat.

BRAND.—A family of chicks belonging to one mother.

BROODY.—Desiring to "set."

CAPE.—Black and white feathers at base of hackle, shaped like a cape.

CHICK.—A newly hatched fowl.

CHICKEN.—Fowl under a year old.

CLUTCH.—A single brood or setting.

COCK.—Male and over one year old.

COCKEREL.—A young cock.

CUSHION.—Mass of feathers over the rump.

DUBBING.—Cutting off comb, wattles and ear lobes.

FURNISHED.—When a cockerel has obtained his full tail, comb, hackles, etc.

HACKLES.—Peculiar narrow, long feathers on the neck.

HOCK.—Joint between thigh and shank.

KEEL.—The breast-bone.

MOSSY.—Confused or indistinct markings.

PEA COMB.—A triple comb.

PENCILING.—Small marks or stripes over a feather.

POULT.—A young turkey.

PRIMARIES.—The secondary feathers of the wing.

PULLET.—Hen under one year old.

SECONDARIES.—Quill feathers of the wings.

SICKLES.—Long curved feathers of cock's tail.

SPANGLING.—Large spot or splash on each feather.

WING-BARS.—A line of dark color across the middle of the wing.

WING-BOW.—The upper or shoulder part of the wing.

WING COVERTS.—Broad feathers covering roots of secondaries.

Chicago Divorce Court Humors.

"What is your husband's occupation?" asked Mr. F. H. Hoffman, Jr.

"Habitual drunkenness, sir," said Mrs. Dappen.

There was a roar in Judge Collins' court. The divorce mill had drawn in its usual crowd of spectators, open-eyed elbow-nudging, rolling the scandals under their tongues. The case of Dappen vs. Dappen was in progress, and Mr. Hoffman's political fame made the spectators regard him with awe.

"I refer," said he, to your husband's profession."

"He made cigars."

"Good cigars?"

"Occasionally."

Mr. Hoffman drew a cigar from his pocket.

"This, your Honor, is one of the defendant's cigars."

"Mark it 'Exhibit A,'" said the judge.

"Had Mr. Dappen any other profession?" continued the lawyer.

"Not to my knowledge," said Mr. Dappen's wife.

"Never practiced as a dentist?"

"Not professionally."

"Now, Mrs. Dappen, on your oath, did not your husband extract six of your teeth?"

Mrs. Dappen looked timidly round. Mr. Dappen being evidently out of hearing, she whispered, "He did."

"Did he administer gas, or ether, or any anæsthetic?"

"No, sir."

"Did he extract the teeth one after the other?"

"He extracted them all together."

"Had your husband any license to practice as a dentist?"

"I never heard of it. He used to say: 'I will allow you $1 a day. Bring me the accounts every week, and if ever I find a cent missing I will knock your teeth out.'"

"Did he find any deficit in your accounts?"

"One Saturday night I could not balance the books. I was thirteen cents short. Without a word my husband struck me in the mouth. Six of my teeth were knocked out. I swallowed two."

"Have you the other four in court?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mark them 'Exibit E,'" said the judge.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

How Opium is Grown.

The interest which the Government of India takes in the opium industry is shown by the pecuniary assistance it offers to poppy growers. The cost of those engaging in its cultivation are very poor, and the Government furnishes purposes of irrigation, if the land needs it, and also the requisite amount of seed. Another advance of money is made when the plant appears above the surface of the ground, and still another when it is nearly time for puncturing the pods. The sowing of the seed occurs the first of November; the plant is in blossom in about three months, and in about another month the poppy-heads, which are about the size of hen's eggs, are ready for being operated upon. These heads are opened every day for five or six times, when the liquid is all extracted. The collected fluid has then to be carefully stirred and exposed to the action of the air so that the water may be evaporated. This process requires another month, when the thickened mass is packed in small jars and then taken to the factories, where it is weighed and its value credited to the owner. It is only occasionally that one man is wealthy enough to own half an acre of poppies, and the most of the plots range from one-sixth to one-twelfth of an acre, and are worked by the owner and his family. The chief opium district is a large tract on the Ganges about 600 miles in length by 200 miles in breadth. There are, however, many other counties besides India engaged in raising opium, and, as is well known, the grand total produced is immense, and the world's consumption is constantly increasing. Indeed, it is claimed that the poppy can be raised profitably in Florida, and it is probable that the manufacture of opium will soon be one of the industries of that State.

Two Kinds of Girls.

There are two kinds of girls: one is the kind that appears best abroad, the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in all such things. The other is a kind which appears best at home, the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along the pathway. Which will our readers, by God's blessing, strive to be?

How the Japanese smoke.

In Japan both men and women smoke tiny metal pipes, the stem, bowl and mouthpiece being merely a small tube of brass with one end expanded and turned up for the bowl. Like the Chinese pipe, this holds the merest pinch, and requires constant refilling. They use a long cut tobacco, a dozen shreds of which, pinched into a small compass, constitute a priming for the pipe. The pipe is emptied by knocking it against something. The women of Japan smoke as persistently as the men.

ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

Carried Through Jungle and Forest in the Jaws of a Tiger.

The following is taken from "A Narrative of Travel and Sport in Burmah, Siam, and the Malay Peninsula," written by John Bradley, one of a party of three adventurous hunters. He had a rough introduction:

In the afternoon we continued on our march, but with no signs of being likely to meet with sport, and about 4 o'clock we turned toward our camp. We marched along carelessly, without observing order or caution, and were not prepared to take advantage of Akbar's warning, when he exclaimed: "Beware, Sahib!" and a full-grown tiger went past us at a gallop.

A straggling volley was fired after it, and, although evidently not struck, the beast stopped, and rearing itself on its hind legs, clawed the bark of a tree, just as a cat scratches the leg of a chair or table.

Mr. Grant and myself fired simultaneously, but without effect, and, before a thought of the creature's intention had time to flash through my mind, I was down under its paws.

Seizing me by the left thigh, the tiger shook me as a dog shakes a rat; and then, growling horribly, dragged me at a tremendous rate through the thick undergrowth of the forest. I heard the frightened shouts of my companions, and the report of several shots, and then a dizziness came over me; but I did not lose consciousness.

As I was jolted through the forest I several times caught hold of the trees, but the tiger, growling fiercely, shook me free in an instant. All this time, though quite calm and collected, I felt a strong desire to preserve my existence, and never for a moment experienced that apathy with regard to my danger that some persons have described under very similar circumstances.

How long I was in the jaws of this brute I cannot tell. It seemed to me an age before the creature stopped. My companions afterward declared that I had been dragged at least half a mile. They followed as fast as they could run, and, although I was unaware of it at the time, never lost sight of the beast. To this circumstance I undoubtedly owe my life; for had there been any delay in rendering me assistance it must have been fatal to me.

The moment the tiger halted it released my thigh, and seemed to be attracted by the approach of my companions; though, as yet, I did not see them myself. Taking advantage of this release, I tried to creep to the shelter of some tall bushes near at hand. In an instant, and with a terrible roar, the creature pounced upon me, seizing me this time by the shoulder and lacerating my chest with his claws. A shot was fired, and I heard the bullet whistle overhead. Fear of hitting me had caused them to fire so high. A second and third shot were equally unsuccessful; and the tiger, again releasing me, began to lick up the blood which oozed through my jacket. I began to feel very faint, and could not repress a groan. Several times the tiger dabbed his paws, apparently in play, about my face, but did not use its claws, very fortunate for me.

Presently the beast seemed to be seized with a sudden rage and commenced to spit like an angry cat at some one approaching, whose footsteps I could hear, but I could notsee him, for I lying flat on my back. There was a sharp bang of a rifle close to my head, a heavy weight fell across me, and then I comprehended that my brave friend Grant was pulling me from under the dead body of the tiger.

Captain Lacy and some of the natives came up, and proceeded to staunch the flow of blood from my wounds. That on my right thigh was the worst. The flesh was bitten and torn to such an extent that the bone was visible. The wounds on the chest were also severe, but my shoulder was not very much injured. When the bleeding was stopped I fainted, and upon recovering to consciousness found I was being carried along on a rough litter made of boughs. I suffered great pain, especially in the leg, and was exceedingly thankful when we arrived at our camping place.

As soon as the news spread about Shalimgat that a tiger had been slain, the people came crowding around our tent to see it. The hubbub they created was horrible. There was shouting, singing, beating of tomtoms and drums, blowing of reeds, dancing and exulting over the dead animal. In my weak state the noise was particularly irritating; and as it was in vain to appeal to the sympathies of these people, the dead beast was removed to a distance, where the rejoicing continued nearly all night.

The following day fever set in, and toward noon I became delirious. With a few lucid intervals, I was in this state for five days.

Full Yet Room Enough.

"Mamma," said six year old Fred, "I can't love God and you both, so I'll choose you."

"Why, my child, what do you mean by saying that you cannot love both?"

"'Cause that's what the Sunday school lesson says; it says that I must love God with all my heart, and there isn't but one 'all' to it, so if I love him with all, there won't be a bit left for you."

Mamma laughed, and only asked Fred to come with her. Going to the cellar, she quietly asked him to help her till a large pan with potatoes.

"There," said he, piling on the last big fellow, "it's full."

"Full, yet there's room," answered mother, as she next took a bag of beans and commenced to shake them into the big crevices between the potatoes. She poured and shook until a quart or more had disappeared, and the pan was speckwith white.

"Neither is it full yet," she said; and taking up a shovelful of sand, she scattered that over the pan, and it, too disappeared, and another and yet.

"Not full yet," she said again, as she took up a cup and began pouring water on the pan; and she poured and poured until several quarts were gone.

"Now, you see how a thing can be full, and yet hold more—of something else. So your heart may be full of the love of God, and plenty of room left for me, and papa, and sister, and play and books."

WOMEN are creatures of infinite resource. A Boston girl has hit upon an original plan to support herself. She studies the news papers, posts herself on what is going on in the world, uses the scissors freely, pastes, writes, revises carefully until she has a condensed digest of the live topics of the day. This she reads to a class of wealthy women, who pay her well for furnishing them with information concerning what they ought to be able to talk intelligently about.

Maple Candy.

Four cups of maple syrup, boil until it cracks in water, and just before taking from the fire, put in a butter the size of an egg. If preferred waxy, do not let it cook so long.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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